

HORRID BEDFELLOWS

TARANTULAS CRAWL ALL OVER A SLEEPING TRAVELER.

A Tired Camper Who Awoke One Morning to Find a Poisonous Reptile Exploring His Anatomy, While Another Made a Bed of the Man's Upright Hair.

Joseph Grandelmyer, a well known mining man of Nevada, has passed through many startling experiences during a residence of twenty-eight years in the far west, but is perhaps the only man who can boast of having had a round baker's dozen of deadly tarantulas for bedfellows and surviving the terrible experience without material injury. It happened a number of years ago, but even now it causes cold shivers to chase up Mr. Grandelmyer's spinal column when his mind reverts to that particular event. However, surrounded by a circle of friends at the Palace hotel a few evenings since, he was induced to relate the incident.

"In 1864 I came to San Francisco," said the gentleman, and with the hopefulness of youth determined to make my fortune. I had a little money saved up, but was a raw tenderfoot, and whatever I put my money into failed to pan out. Finally I concluded to strike out for Nevada. It was a new section of country then, that had been explored to a very limited extent, and when I made known my intention many and urgent were the requests for me to refrain from being so foolish as to encounter dangers in such a wild and almost unknown country.

"Nothing daunted, however, and not allowing myself to be dissuaded from my purpose, one day in the summer of 1864, after inducing three acquaintances to join me, I set out for the land of sagebrush. My particular object in going was to better my fortune by any method I could. Two of the party were prospectors, and the fourth, a Dr. Heath, went along to spy out a good location for a log ranch.

"Well, after crossing the Sierras at Walker's pass, we found ourselves in Owen's valley, which is now in Inyo county. Dusk was approaching, and when, after riding a distance in the teeth of a cold wind, we found ourselves at a deserted adobe hut by the roadside we halted, unpacked and unsaddled our animals, and prepared to camp for the night.

A TERRIBLE AWAKENING.
"There was feed for the horses in abundance, and while one staked them out the others began preparations for supper and made the beds ready. My friends preferred sleeping under a large oak tree near, but I chose a spot adjoining the old adobe house, where I spread my blankets close to the wall where the wind would not reach me. After a hasty meal we all retired to our respective beds in the ground and readily dropped off to sleep.

"I presume it was within an hour of laybreak when I awoke with a sudden start. A peculiarly dreadful feeling, worse than any nightmare, took possession of me. I felt paralyzed and was afraid to stir. There was something moving on my face. It was not a large object, but as it moved about the trail it seemed to scorch my face. I felt the thing traverse my face from the left eye down over my nose and mouth. Then it crossed to the other side and explored in the region of my ear. Then it was gone.

"I knew it was not a snake gliding over my face, but some animal much smaller, though what it was I was utterly unable to conjecture. I was wide awake, of course, but such an uncomfortable horror held me fast that I was unable to move a muscle and gazed helplessly up at the stars. Once I tried to call out to my companions, but not a sound could I muster. I lay there rigid as a log, maybe for one minute, maybe for five, when I again knew that the same thing, or something like it, was on my hand, which rested outside the blanket, and a cold chill ran up my arm and through my whole body. Still I was absolutely powerless to move a limb, and involuntarily closed my eyes, almost expecting to feel them closed in death, so dreadful and indescribable was the sensation.

A HORRIBLE SUSPENSE.
"Next I knew 'it' was climbing up over my throat, then to my chin and about my nose. An irresistible impulse caused me to open my right eye, and I saw by the dim light the fiery eyes of a big tarantula looking into mine, with its hairy body on my face, not two inches away!

"Knowing that death, or at least painful injury might result, if I moved my body, I immediately dropped the eyelid and had the satisfaction of feeling the crawling spider crawl over that eye to my forehead and into my hair, where it prepared a nest and finally settled down, so doubt as snugly as a bug in a rug. You may think you can imagine my feelings, but you cannot. For a full half hour, I should judge, I endured all the suspense and torment that comes to most mortals in a lifetime, and allowed another spider to slowly crawl up my leg, not knowing at what time I would feel those black fangs sink into my flesh.

"But, thank God, that did not happen, or I should probably not now be alive. Ages after that, so it seemed, Dr. Heath arose, and, after dressing, came to see if I was awake. I whispered to him the particulars of my plight, and in my hair, which had been standing on end for I don't know how long, he discovered and at once killed one of the tarantulas, an immense fellow, fully three inches long. Carefully turning back the blankets and examining me, he found twelve others that had undoubtedly sought my quarters for warmth. These he quickly but quietly dispatched in a manner not to alarm the others. When the strain was over I fainted and was delirious with brain fever for many days. Since then, you may depend upon it, I have always taken good care in the selection of a camping spot, for of all the bedfellows one can encounter one of the most terrifying is a tarantula."—San Francisco Chronicle.

SEPARATED BY ACCIDENT.

One of the Embarrassing Things About Traveling in a Big City.

"Did you ever get separated from your wife at an 'L' station, you on the departing train and she left on the platform, and then try to find her again? Not well, never try it as a funny experiment just to see how it works." So spoke a country merchant. "My wife and I came from Tarrytown. We arrived all right at the Forty-second street station. I got on the down train in something of a pushing crowd, only to look around and see Miranda, my wife, on the platform looking around for me in a startled way. She tried to get on the train, but the gates were closed. I tried to get off, but the guards shook their heads. So my wife and I were separated. What was I to do about it?

"There are several things that look feasible enough which would suggest themselves to you at once, but, sir, none of them is feasible at all except on one condition—that both you and your wife have already agreed on it. Then that plan is feasible enough. Any plan is feasible then. But how many out of the great hosts of people who ride on the 'L' agree on such a plan? Certainly not many of them. My wife and I do now, but we hadn't then.

"The first thing that occurred to me at the moment was to get off at the next station and go back. My wife would wait for me. I had to cross over in a hurry at Thirty-fourth street, ride up and cross over back again. This cost me two extra 'L' tickets, and as I got them I remembered with horror that my wife did not have either money or tickets with her.

"If she were lost, how could she get about town, how even get her fare again home to Tarrytown? We were commuters, and of course I, as the man of the family, carried the commutation book. As these things occurred to me it was with a sense of terror that I looked around the Forty-second street platform. She was not there. I looked inside, in the ticket office, in the sitting room. Nowhere was she to be seen. How beautiful would her old face have appeared to me at that moment! I asked the ticket cracker if he had seen such and such a lady, and if she had asked him anything.

"Tickets! he remarked in reply.
"Then I remembered that as I had walked into the sitting room I would have to pay to come out again. I went back and got a ticket. Then I asked him again. There was some one who had tried to tell him something about having got separated from her husband and not knowing what to do, but there had come a rush, and he told her that she had better ask some one else, as he couldn't be interrupted. So she disappeared, and he knew nothing more.

"Then there came to me a thought which to this day I thank heaven for, and thank heaven also that the idea came to her. She must have gone back to the Grand Central station to wait for me. With no money or tickets she could go nowhere else except down, and then she could not get back. She would not want to veer very far away from the Grand Central, because she would understand that however much I might run around town after her, I must come there at last. There I found her, very comfortably looking over the list of things we were to buy, and not at all disconcerted at the incident of my separation. She even laughed at my disturbance. Then and there I tucked a dollar bill inside her glove, and told her that if we got separated again to remember that we would meet at the Central in time for the 5 p. m. train. Then we went on our shopping tour.

"Some of the officers of the road say that the thing to do is to wait for the one that's left at the City Hall station, and for her to take the very next train. But suppose she had taken a South ferry train and landed at the Battery? With no money, how would she ever have got to the Grand Central again? If two separated people think just alike in such an emergency, all well and good; but how often will they do so? If one has all his wits about him and thinks out exactly the correct thing to do, is it sure that the other one will? There are possibilities for heartrending disturbances in a case like this. The only way to do is to fix on a place and hour to meet again, and then see that your wife carries some money with her."—New York Tribune.

Brass in Household Furnishings.
We are reminded that among the many reforms introduced by A. Welby Rugin, one of the ablest modern Gothic designers, it was made especially apparent that brass was a metal having a beauty of its own, and that it could be used to advantage in many ways, both in ecclesiastical and domestic purposes. Brass will take a brilliant polish, and the metal's adaptability for design has been thoroughly appreciated by modern designers.

In all work connected with the household there is now no need to say a word for brass in arrangements for lighting, in grilles, dishes, ornaments and so on, for it is used with overwhelming success, and is even made into such things as jardinières and tables.—Decorator and Furnisher.

Reported Favorably.
Mr. Richard Rodgrave, the artist, records in his diary this amusing recommendation from an Irishman appointed to examine students competing for medals: "I should also recommend Margaret—for a reward. Being very young she naturally missed the point of all the questions in the papers, but her answers were so ladylike that I think the medal should be given to her."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Motion of Glaciers.
The motion of glaciers is yet a bone of contention, but it is generally admitted that the cause of it is to be found mainly in gravitation, and is also partially accounted for by the strange property of "viscosity" in what appears to the casual observer to be nothing more or less than a rigid solid.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

IN A BEECH WOOD.

A golden arch above my head,
A path with golden carpet spread,
Each side the golden mantled trees
Soft singing in the faint sweet breeze,
Down fluttering leaves in golden showers,
A gold gleam of witchhazel flowers,
And, dazzling and uplifted eyes,
The sunlight in the golden skies,
What magic spell has compassed me?
What strange new world is this I see?
Gold! gold! above, below, around;
I tread upon enchanted ground;
A dreamland queen, who only knows,
Tomorrow, when the east wind blows,
Her dream and all its glory goes!
—Marian Douglas in Harper's Bazar.

THE MARITIME ALPS.

It is not easy to find one's way without a guide in the Alpes Maritimes. A company of tourists more venturesome than prudent discovered that not long ago. They had started from the charming inn of La Grandola, perched on a rock on the banks of the Roya, and intended to climb the peak of Onella, in order to get a view of the high ridges. They missed their way, passed the point they were seeking, and continued up and down, almost all the time through the woods, until at last fatigue caused them to stop. The ladies of the party were in despair and began to talk of dying of hunger in those fearful solitudes, when the notes of a bangle were heard in the distance.

The tourists recognized the French clavier, which is much shriller than the Italian cornet, and advancing in the direction of the sound, they were soon out of the wood and within view of a troop on the march, a battalion of chasseurs de montagne, with gray dolmans and trousers and leggings. As they advanced, the tourists distinguished clearly the column developing its spirals on the side of a steep spur, mounting from the depths of the valley of Luceran toward the peak of La Calmette. On a point to the left a group halted, forming the vanguard; the main body of the troop climbed slowly, followed by a long line of mules.

At that moment the firing of a cannon re-echoed from rock to rock and announced the beginning of the attack. Little by little the battalion got footing on the top of the spur, deployed on this difficult ground, and advanced toward the principal peak. The musketry rattled, backed up by the thundering of the artillery. Lines of agile foot soldiers rose from the hollows of the rocks, from the midst of the bushes, from the irregularities of the ground, showed themselves for a moment, then disappeared, and kept on advancing. The frightened chamois, surprised by these sounds in their solitudes, bounded from rock to rock. Their wild flight will carry news to the inhabitants of the Italian slope, who have a proverb saying, "When the chamois come down in flight the French are mounting on the heights."

The attack continues. The noise redoubles. The chasseurs are running up the steep slopes. At last they reach the summit. What lungs! what legs! they have!

Now the troops halt, assemble together, make coffee and take a rest. The tired tourists join them. The officer in command, having been informed of their misadventure, promises to help them.

"I cannot have you taken back to the plain today," he says to them. "You will have to stay with us until tomorrow, and follow us to our camp tonight."
"Oh," said one of the ladies, "that is impossible. We cannot walk another step."

"Do not be alarmed, ladies," replied the officer. "Our pannier mules will carry you. We will put you up comfortably in the bivouac, and tomorrow we will go down to La Bollene, where you will find carriages for Nice."

The proposition was promptly accepted. The bugle sounded the signal for departure, and the ladies were placed on the backs of the ambulance mules, accompanied by the men of their party, and intrusted to the care of the doctor of the battalion. For a time the road was fairly good. An hour's march brought them to the woodcutters' camp, a group of huts inhabited by the men who work for the forest. Here the mules' straps were tightened, their shoes examined and their burdens carefully put in order, for the last part of the road is the hardest. The woodcutters' camp is the last point where there is any water, and so, before starting, all the animals are given drink, and all the pots, gourd and other receptacles are filled.

The zigzag and very precipitous path, mounting up a steep incline formed of loose fragments of rock, is hampered by roots and branches of trees. Their step shows that they are accustomed to the mountain, its steep paths and its rarefied air. Their lungs, like their muscles, are strengthened by these repeated exercises in the woods, on the heights and across the glaciers all through the fine months of the year.

Farther on the ground gets bare; the path runs over the rock itself; the zigzags are so short that they have scarcely the length of a mule. The animals advance but very slowly, and by the time the ambulance reaches the plateau the soldiers have already been there some time, and the bivouac has been rapidly formed.

The officer in command comes forward to meet the tourists, and to their great surprise proposes to conduct them to their hotel. They follow him. The mules stop at the extremity of the plateau, where the woods begin. Under the trees a bivouac has been installed for the tourists. A gourd of pine branches will protect them from the coolness of the night. The entrance is decorated with bouquets of mountain flowers.

"Here is your home for one day, mesdames," says the officer. "We will send you the mule litters, and with some fern and a rug you will have a fairly comfortable bed."

"We accept the lodging, but not the beds. We will not deprive your sick," "I have no sick," replies the officer. "There is nobody in the ambulance. The ambulance is, so to speak, useless."

We have been on the march during the past three months. We have not marched six long spells without a rest. We shall march again tomorrow and then perhaps we shall take a day's rest. My men are in perfect training. Now I will leave you to dine."

At the appointed time the officer came, and all the tourists followed him across the plateau, admiring the splendid panorama spread out before them. From the summit of the Antion (2,060 meters) they saw at their feet, like a gigantic ditch, the valley of the Minia joining the Roya at the east near San Dalmazzo, and commanded by an Italian fort, the most advanced of the works that defend the Col de Tende. Beyond the depth of the Mimiera rose the last chain of the Alpes Maritimes, throwing up heavenward the ridge Del Diablo (2,897 meters) and the peak L'Abisso (2,775 meters), an enormous mass, with its snowy covering tinted rose by the setting sun—a grand and striking spectacle, especially when seen from the midst of a bivouac, itself always so curious and so attractive.

The sentinels watch as they pace to and fro. The mules browse the scant but tasty grass of the high plateaus. Seated on old tree trunks the officers finish their itineraries, complete their notes, draw up reports on the country they have traversed, make sketches of the distant mountain silhouettes. The soldiers sing as they clean their arms, shout, run and amuse themselves with games. To see their movements and their activity you would never think that they had marched twenty-five miles and accomplished a maneuver amid all the obstacles of mountainous ground. The Italians have reason to be proud of their Alpine companies. Our chasseurs de montagne are not one whit inferior to them in tenacity and endurance.

Night closes in. Dinner is served on a table formed of wattled branches covered with flowery turf. Old pine trunks, cut down in time of former wars, serve as seats. A big fire and torches formed of pine branches light the guests at this original and rustic feast. At such an altitude frugality is obligatory, nevertheless the fare is quite respectable. The chief dishes are red partridges and civet de chamois, pine mushrooms, an ice made with ewe's milk and snow, wild strawberries, arbutus berries and wild forest fruits, served in nests of moss, formed the dessert. The tourists are delighted, and thank the officers by drinking to their health, and soon all retire to rest.

At daybreak the battalion resumes its march along the ridge, alternately through woods and across meager pastures. The solitude is absolute except for some pastorello guarding his goats, which seem literally to cling to the mountain side. The view is marvelous when the distance appears through a rent in the opaline morning mist.

The road gets worse and becomes absolutely execrable at the point where the grand descent begins, and where the track is scarcely marked out of the sinuosities of the rocks. At one point great blocks overhang; at another sharp projections have to be turned; almost all the way the road follows the edge of a precipice.

One cannot imagine how the mules will pass with their burdens, or how they can even get footing in this dangerous pass. The battalion passes without winking, as if it were the simplest thing in the world, and the mountain battery follows in its turn. But not the tourists; they find the danger too imminent and dismount, preferring to trust to their feet. Meanwhile they wait till the path is free, sitting on a granite promontory, and watching the whole battery defile along this track, which seems impracticable even for the goats themselves. It is a work of strength and patience and requires as much skill as it does coolness.

The soldiers hold up the mules and ease their burdens by means of ropes. Thus relieved, the animals glide along rather than walk, stiffening their forelegs and almost touching the ground with their hind quarters. A few accidents happen, but, thanks to the manifold precautions and to the care of the drivers, they are rarely serious; the mules that fall are soon put on their feet again. At last this long and perilous pass is cleared; the battery and the ambulance rejoin the battalion, and after a short halt the march is resumed and La Bollene is reached.

The tourists rushed into the hotel, delighted to find themselves once more in a civilized place, and to be able to rest for a few hours. The column, however, continued its march. Later on the tourists started for Nice in a carriage. Toward the end of the day they overtook the indefatigable chasseurs, who were still marching along, although more than twelve hours had passed since they had begun their day's work.—From "The French Army," by General Lewal, in Harper's Magazine.

Significant Puppies.
It is said that the late Admiral Porter had the yard and stables of his house on H street full of dogs, acquired in this manner: Whenever a young naval officer wished to ingratiate himself with the admiral he would casually remark: "Oh, admiral, I have a valuable litter of puppies, and it would give me great pleasure if you would accept one."

The admiral was fully conscious of the reason d'être, and whenever a basket appeared with Lieutenant or Ensign So and So's compliments and a whining, fatty specimen of puppydom therein, he would remark, "Here comes another application for shore duty."—Washington Post.

It Was Accounted For.
An up town minister's wife was reading to him one evening last week.

"An average man of fifty has spent 6,000 days or nearly twenty years in sleep," she said.

"Read that again, my dear," he said interestedly.
She obeyed him.
"That accounts," he said dreamily, "for some of the things I notice during my sermons," and she smiled and continued her reading.—Detroit Free Press.



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